E 499
.5
14th
.G3
Copy 1

MEMORIAL

OF

DECEASED OFFICERS

OF THE

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT

CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS

BY

HENRY P. GODDARD.

Published by order of the Fourteenth Regimental Union.

HARTFORD
[illegible] HOLCOMB & HOLBROOK
1875.

Albert R. Crittenden.
Middletown.
Conn.
Jan 9th 1873.

14th Conn Vols —

MEMORIAL

OF

DECEASED OFFICERS

OF THE

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT,

CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS.

BY

HENRY P. GODDARD,

Late Captain Company B, Fourteenth Regiment, Connecticut Volunteers.

"We think with imperious questionings,
Of the brothers we have lost,
And we strive to track, in death's mystery,
The flight of each valiant ghost."

* * * * *

"No fear for them! In our lower field
Let us toil with arms unstained,
Till at last we be worthy to stand with them
On the shining heights they've gained.
We shall meet and greet in closing ranks,
In Time's declining sun,
When the bugles of God shall sound recall,
And the battle of Life be won!"

JOHN HAY.

Published by request of the Fourteenth Regimental Union

HARTFORD:
CASE, LOCKWOOD & BRAINARD.
1872.

E449
.5
14th 93

114779
GB

To

The Living Officers and Men of the

Old Fourteenth

I dedicate

This Memorial of our Dear Ones

"Mustered Out."

PREFACE.

The Fourteenth Connecticut Regiment was mustered into service August 23, 1862. Participating in twenty-six general engagements and the long siege of Richmond, it was mustered out, May 31, 1865. During these two years and nine months there were killed in action 132; died of wounds, 65; died of disease, 169; missing, 6; discharged prior to muster out, (nearly all for disability contracted in the service,) 416. This makes a total of 788 casualties in a regiment that left the State with 1,015 men, which number was subsequently increased by recruits to 1,726.

Of commissioned officers the regiment lost twenty during and six since the war, all but one of whom owe their deaths directly or indirectly to the service. In the following pages brief memorial sketches of these officers will be found. Could it have been, I would gladly have printed here a sketch of the dead of rank and file also, but no record has been kept, and it is now impossible. But the figures given above tell their story more eloquently than I could have done. No record of commissions issued, no personal mention in official reports, no detailed biographies preserve their memories, yet the highest of earthly honor is theirs, in that they gave up homes and loved ones, not for glory, not for personal advancement, but for Freedom and for Fatherland.

In compiling these sketches, I have been struck with the extreme youth of most of our officers. The oldest at death was Lieut. Emery who died at forty-four, though but thirty-five when he enlisted. Capt. Willard who enlisted and died at thirty-nine, was the oldest at muster-in. The youngest at death was Lieut. Hart, aged nineteen years and

three months, though Capt. Bartlett who survived him a year and died at nineteen years and seven months was the youngest of us all, enlisting as a private on his seventeenth birth-day, and winning his way to a captaincy in two and a half years.

In the preparation of these memorials the writer has been greatly assisted by several of his old comrades, and by relatives of the deceased. To Mrs. Gen. Joseph R. Hawley he is especially indebted for the sketch of her brother, Lieut. Foote.

H. P. G.

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 17, 1872.

MEMORIAL.

Capt. JARVIS E. BLINN, whose name heads our roll of honor, as the first of all our officers that fell, was a man of fine personal presence and one whose face had a peculiar attraction to the physiognomist from its expression of quiet but earnest resolve, tinged "with a dash of sadness in his air," that would lead such an one to believe he was one of those who had prescience of the shadow of the dark angel who was so soon to take him from us. Capt. Blinn was born at Rocky Hill, July 28, 1836. He resided there till 1853, when he removed to New Britain and engaged in rule making. August 8th, 1862, he enlisted in the company then organizing in New Britain for the 14th regiment. He was unanimously chosen captain and commissioned as such August 15,—left the State at the head of his company August 25, and was constantly at his post until the 17th of September, when, early in the day, just as his company was being ordered to fall back from their somewhat advanced position on the battle field, a bullet struck him, passing through the heart. He made the single exclamation: "I am a dead man!" and died instantly.

His remains were taken to New Britain where funeral services were held from the Center Church, Oct. 14, 1862, an address being delivered by Rev. C. L. Goodell. After the services the remains were escorted by one of the largest processions ever seen in the town, to Rocky Hill, where another short service was held in the Congregational Church in that town. The procession then filed to the beautifully located cemetery, and the body of our comrade was committed to its native dust with Masonic honors.

His company which in one brief month of service had learned to love him tenderly, passed fitting resolutions of respect to his memory, as did the officers of the regiment—conjointly with those adopted on the death of Capt. Willard. I cannot close the Memorial of Capt. Blinn more appropriately than by quoting the words of one who I regret to say did not furnish me with his or her name, who, in reply

to the query in my circular asking for a memoranda of "important events of his life," replies:

"I know of no *important* incidents in his life. I only know that he was *faithful* and true in all the relations of life, winning his way by his own merit to the affection and confidence of all who knew him. With an earnest devotion to his country, he gave himself "willing to die if need be, for the good cause."

Captain SAMUEL F. WILLARD was born in Madison, Conn., November 22, 1822. In that pretty and quiet New England village he passed his life, engaged in mercantile operations until his enlistment into the 14th regiment, August 1, 1862. He had for some years prior to the war commanded an independent militia company in Madison, and at the outbreak of the war in 1861, was anxious to enlist, but was persuaded by his family that his duty lay at home. But at the second call for troops he said to his loved wife, "I feel that it is God who bids me go. Can you say no?" He then called upon his company and townsfolk to form a company for the war. The ranks were quickly filled with the best and bravest of the youth of the town, and he was unanimously chosen their captain. Marching with them to camp at Hartford, Capt. Willard was constantly with his men, till he fell in th first fight of the regiment at Antietam on that memorable 17th of September, 1862. Early in the day, while gallantly leading his men into the thick of the fray, he was shot and fell unconscious. Before he ceased to breathe, he was picked up by his brother-in-law, private Bradley, who afterwards became a Lieutenant and died of his wounds, but his spirit soon fled, and his body was born to Kedysville, Md., whence it was transferred to Madison, where the funeral services were held from the Congregational Church, with military and Masonic honors, on the 23d of September. A relative of Capt. Willard, who furnishes the incidents of his life writes: "Capt. Willard possessed a warm and generous heart, and those who knew him best loved him best. About the age of 30 he became a loving child of the loving Jesus, and from that time the whole course of his life was changed. He was literally ready for any good work. Upon his body when he died was found a diary in which he recorded lead pencil notes that he forwarded to his wife from time to

time. The record is very interesting, and shows a most earnest faith and trust in a Divine Providence." We regret that we have space for but two quotations from it. September 15th, he writes:

MONDAY MORNING,
MIDDLETOWN VALLEY, Sept. 15, 1862.

These may be my last words; if so, they are these: I have full faith in Jesus Christ my Saviour; I do not regret that I have fallen in defence of my country; I have loved you truly and know that you have loved me, and in leaving this world of sin I go to another and better one, where I am confident I shall meet you. I freely forgive all my enemies, and ask them for Christ's sake to forgive me. If my body should ever reach home, let there be no ceremony; I ask no higher honor than to die for my country—lay me silently in the grave, imitate my virtues, and forgive all my errors.

I prefer death in the cause of my country, to life in sympathy with its enemies.

The last entry is dated Wednesday morning the 17th. It closes "I pray God we may be successful, and that you may see me again ——"

Here the pencil notes close suddenly, for the battle had even then commenced, and the soldier dropped the pencil to gird on his sword and to lead his comrades into the conflict, in which in one brief hour he gave up his life.

Of the two petitions in his last recorded prayer, one has been vouchsafed us, God has granted us success. Let us hope and pray that the other petition may be granted not only to the wife to whom it was specially addressed, but to all of us his comrades, and that we may all see him again in the land immortal,

"The beautiful of lands."

SECOND LIEUTENANT GEORGE H. CROSBY was born at Barnstable, Mass., Nov. 23d, 1840. In 1850, he removed with his parents to Middle Haddam, Conn., where he resided until his enlistment. As a school boy he gave great promise. One of his former teachers writes, "I remember distinctly the enthusiasm and spirit of perseverance with which he pursued his studies. He was ever anxious to improve." Leaving school he was employed as a clerk in Middle

Haddam, but continuing a course of study after two unsuccessful attempts to get an appointment to West Point, entered Wesleyan University, in Middletown, in the Fall of 1861. Having decided military predilections, he joined the Mansfield Guard of Middletown, and there studied the tactics.

In the summer of 1862, he decided that his country needed his services, and to a dearly loved mother loath to part with him said: "I feel it is my duty to go." Opening recruiting offices in Middletown and Middle Haddam, he took a squad of men to the camp of the 14th, at Hartford, where he was chosen 2d Lieutenant of Co. K —with rank from Aug. 18th, 1862.

Marching with his regiment to Washington, Lieut. Crosby was left with a large guard over the camp at Arlington, when the regiment marched up to Fort Ethan Allen. The government not supplying sufficient rations, he purchased them for his men from his own limited means, declining to be repaid by them. When the regiment marched from Ethan Allen on the Maryland campaign, he rose from a sick bed in the hospital to join and march with his company. A letter written about this time from Sergeant Goodwin of his company (killed later in the war), to his friends, praises his coolness under fire, and states that his men were growing very fond of him.

During the battle of Antietam, Crosby was walking from one end of his company to the other, encouraging his men, when a bullet struck him in the side, passing through his lungs just in front of the spine, and lodging on the opposite side just under the skin. He was carried back to hospital, and in a few days sent home. Dr. A. B. Wortmington, of Middle Haddam, who attended him during his illness, writes us, "From this time to his death, he was a great but a very patient sufferer."

He talked much of his country during his illness, and but little of himself. He died, Oct. 22d, 1862, and was buried the 24th of the same month, from the Episcopal Church in Middle Haddam. Rev. Dr. De Koven preached a funeral sermon from Ezekiel, xxxvii, 3. "And he said unto me, Son of Man, can these bones live." President Cummings, of Wesleyan University, added a eulogy, and a series of resolutions by the class of '65, at the university, was read. The funeral was attended by the Mansfield Guard, his classmates at Middletown, and a large number of his townsmen. And so they laid him by the smooth flowing Connecticut, whose waters murmur a gentle requiem for the fair haired, frank-hearted lad we loved so well.

His name, with those of seventeen other Wesleyan students who

gave their lives to their country, is emblazoned in gold and silver letters on a plate of ruby glass in that beautiful freestone memorial chapel recently completed on the college grounds at Middletown. Yet gold and silver and ruby and freestone shall moulder and crumble away, but the memory of the dead who died in that red strife for freedom and country, shall remain while endures the love of Liberty, Truth, and Right.

Second Lieutenant DAVID E. CANFIELD, was born in Newark, New Jersey, probably in the year 1839, as he was down on his company muster-roll as twenty-three years of age at enlistment, July 16, 1862.

Of his early life I have gleaned a few incidents from an uncle in Middletown, Conn., of whom he learned his trade as a marble carver. It seems that as a lad he exhibited a rare taste for drawing, and once when quite a little fellow, made an equestrian drawing of Gen. Scott, during the visit of that old hero to Newark. Some days after, on some public occasion, his father presented the lad and the picture to the General, who inspected, commended, and wrote his autograph upon its back, and returned it to the father, who values it now as a doubly precious relic. At his trade his taste was so promisingly called into play that his master and fellow workmen feel very sure that he would have won eminence in his vocation. After five years labor in Middletown, he removed to New Haven, where the call for the 14th aroused his patriotism and rekindled an old fondness for military life. and he returned to Middletown to enlist under Lieut. Crosby, in Company K of the 14th.

To a favorite cousin, in whose album he drew a picture of a delicate bouquet as a parting memorial of himself, he remarked that she might rest assured that he would win distinction or lose his life. Little did she think that within five months he would do both. Canfield was made 1st sergeant of his company ere it left the State, and Nov. 11, 1862, was promoted to be 2d Lieutenant of B Company, which was almost entirely composed of Middletown boys. During his brief connection with this company, he won their love and respect, as he had that of Company K before. The night of December 12, 1862, Lieut. Canfield, Capt. Gibbons, Capt. (then Lieut.) Sherman,

and the writer, occupied the same quarters in a shot-ridden house in the then just captured city of Fredericksburg. Never shall I forget the scene as Capt. Gibbons read to us from an old Bible found in the house, till the flickering fire-light by which he read died out, and bidding us each good-night, with a reminder that it might be our last good-night, he retired. Gibbons was in his sweetest mood that night, and Canfield made many anxious inquiries as to his views of life and death, and announcing his willingness to face the grim conqueror for the sake of his country and God, relapsed into silence. That was our last night together.

In the terrible carnage of the next day's charges up Marye's Heights, Gibbons fell mortally wounded in the thigh, and while attempting to carry him off the field, his lieutenant (Canfield) was shot through the head, and fell dead on the field of honor. Others bore off his captain, who died five days later; but Lieut. Canfield had kept his word and more than his word, for he had won death *and* distinction. His remains are supposed to have been buried on the battle-field where he fell, and probably are among the bones of our boys in the vast number of "unknown" on that fair green field of Fredericksburg, where the Rappahannock sings their lullaby, unmindful of the many ancient strifes upon its banks; and the tomb of Mary, mother of Washington, is surrounded by the graves of thousands who bravely fell to preserve the liberty transmitted to them by her son.

Captain ELIJAH W. GIBBONS, was born in New York city, Nov. 29, 1831, but resided in Middletown, Conn., nearly all his life, until his enlistment. His occupation was that of a cabinet maker and painter. At the age of nineteen years he united with the Baptist church in Middletown, of which he ever remained an active and consistent member. He was a very earnest worker in the Sabbath School and at prayer meetings, and was accustomed to accompany his pastor on his mission work to out-lying rural districts. The first call for troops found him ready, and enlisting, May 22, 1861, in the 4th Connecticut, which afterwards became the 1st Connecticut Heavy Artillery, he was elected 1st Lieutenant of Company G. He held this position till May 6, 1862, when he resigned and returned to Middletown, his regiment having, up to that time, had little but

garrison duty. He had scarce resumed his old avocation when a new call for troops aroused his desire to do something more for the good cause, and he speedily enlisted a full company of the very best material that Middletown ever gave to the country, of which he was unanimously chosen captain—and a most faithful officer he proved. His previous experience had taught him what men needed, and his company was always well cared for.

A personal pride in dear old "B" Company doubtless affects my judgment, but I think no survivor of the regiment but will agree with me that no company in the regiment, all things considered, ever looked or did much better. And this was owing to one man more than any other, and that man was Elijah W. Gibbons. He showed what could be done with and what should be done for men, and officers and men should alike bless his memory.

From the time the regiment left Hartford until his mortal wound, he was never absent from his company a day. He led them gallantly at Antietam, where, by a quick flank movement of his company, he enabled the regiment to capture a large posse of rebels in the famous Roulette house.

At Fredericksburg he was advancing courageously with the regiment, when a rebel ball shattered his thigh, and he fell. He was picked up by the men who loved him so dearly, and conveyed to the Falmouth side of the river, where he lingered in great suffering but sweet resignation for six days—until the 19th of December—when he died. His body was interred with military honors by his regiment, but subsequently was removed to Middletown, where funeral services were held from the Baptist church of which he was a member, January 3, 1863.

Capt. Gibbons' death was a great blow to his family, who idolized him, and to a large circle at home, but his company and his fellow-officers missed his influence and example sadly, and at our regimental re-unions, years after his death, we somehow feel as if we needed him with us. But if he cannot come to us let us trust that it may be our fate to meet with him at that greatest of all re-unions, in the sphere

"Where all is made right that so puzzles us here."

Second Lieutenant WM. A. COMES, was born, as near as I can learn, at Danbury, Conn., or Binghamton, N. Y., about 1836. His early life was passed at Binghamton, where he was an officer of a Sunday School and a Temperance Society. Here he had a large circle of friends. I have been able to learn little of his career, but the war found him a stone-cutter in New Haven, at the time of his enlistment, June 12th, 1862, as quartermaster-sergeant of the 14th. He was selected for this position by quartermaster Dibble, who knew his ability to fill the position, being a fellow-townsman. As he was one of the first to go into Camp Foote, his position on the non-commissioned staff threw him into intimate relations with the writer, and who was his tentmate till both were commissioned 2d Lieutenants, Sept. 17th, 1862. Comes was assigned to Co. F, and at once entered into a thorough study of the duties of his position. He was rapidly acquiring this knowledge, and the esteem and affection of the company, when in the terrible charges at Fredericksburg, he was mortally wounded in the groin. He limped back to hospital, and there, apparently forgetful of his own wound, he was helping others, when the writer and his (Comes') nearest friend Drum Major McCarthy, summoned the surgeon to examine the wound. The doctor at once pronounced the case a critical one. For a while we hoped for his recovery, but the wound grew more painful, and on the 14th he became delirious, and continued so for eight days after the battle, till the 21st December, when he died in hospital on the north side of the Rappahannock. His brother officers buried him at Falmouth, with military honors, but the remains were subsequently removed to the Grove street Cemetery, in New Haven, and there buried. A monument is now (1872), about to be erected to his memory by the Sons of Temperance, in New Haven. From the intimate personal knowledge I had of Lieutenant Comes, I can testify that he was a pure and honest man. Not brilliant or dashing, he was faithful and anxious to do well whatever was set him to do. His letters written from the field bear evidence of this. As I look back over these years that have passed, and think of his *faithfulness* in all things committed to him, I think of the promise made to the faithful servant, by

"That monarch whose 'well done' confers a more than mortal fame."

First Lieutenant THEODORE A. STANLEY, was born July 22d, 1833, at New Britain, Conn., being the son of Mr. Henry Stanley, one of a family who have been for years among the most prominent manufacturers of that progressive-in-all-good-works little city. After completing his education, he went to New York, where he remained learning the mercantile business, until the age of twenty-three, when he returned to his home to take a position in an important manufacturing business to which he devoted his entire time and energy, up to the date of his enlistment, July 15th, 1862. Nothing but an earnest conviction of his duty impelled him to enlist at the sacrifice of most promising business interests, but he unflinchingly chose the path of duty, and throwing his whole energy into the organization of the New Britain Company, in the 14th, was chosen 2d Lieutenant thereof. His health and physical condition were illy suited to the hardships he was to undergo, but he bore his part quietly and nobly to the end. His captain (Blinn), falling at Antietam, where Stanley distinguished himself by his coolness in discharge of his duties, Lt. Moore was promoted Captain, and Stanley was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, with rank from the day of the battle, Sept. 17th, 1862.

At the battle of Fredericksburg, he was in command of his company (the captain being on detached service at the time), and led his men in that grand charge on the rebel batteries on Marye's Heights, when the storm of shot, shell, grape, and cannister, blackened the air for hours. In this charge Lieutenant Stanley fell mortally wounded by a musket ball through the lungs. While being carried back to the city in expectation of immediate death, he told his comrades to leave him on the field, and take care of themselves. But he survived to be removed across the river, and afterward to Armory Square Hospital, at Washington, where, after eighteen days of suffering, much of which was intense, yet which could not shake his trust in the Saviour in whom he believed, his life ebbed out with the dying year, on the 31st December, 1862. His body was removed to New Britain, where he was buried with military honors. The funeral services were held from the South church, which was filled to its utmost capacity by his friends and fellow-citizens, mindful of his worth and services. Lieutenant Stanley was very quiet and reticent with strangers, and was not well known to many in the regiment, but his Colonel truly said: "He was always found to the front," and the officers and men of his own company testify to his uniform regard for their comfort and welfare.

Captain ISAAC R. BRONSON was born at Middlebury, Conn., May 22, 1826. His father was Hon. Leonard Bronson, a prominent citizen of that town. Isaac early left his home and was engaged as a clerk, first in Watertown, then Guilford, and later in Rochester, N. Y. In 1849, he removed to Waterbury, where he was engaged in the book selling and book binding business. In 1856, he removed to New Haven, where he was extensively engaged in the manufacture of daguerreotype cases. At the outbreak of the war, he was anxious to enlist at once, but his duty to his wife and young family of children caused him to defer the duty until the disasters of the Peninsular campaign satisfied him that to go was his highest duty. He threw his whole soul into the organization of Co. I of the 14th, and succeeded after much difficulty. He was commissioned captain August 19, 1862. At Antietam and Fredericksburg his company suffered severely, but their captain won a reputation for devotion to his duty that earned him the respect of the regiment. In the retreat after the fruitless bloody charges up Marye's Heights at Fredericksburg, Capt. Bronson stopped to give water to the wounded and to help remove them to less exposed positions under the terrific fire that was raging. Thus engaged, he came upon Capt. Gibbons, who, lying on the field with a broken thigh, asked his assistance. In company with Lieut. Canfield, the captain undertook to carry him off, when Canfield was shot through the head and fell dead. Capt. Bronson called two men to help him, and they had just resumed their burden when one was shot and the other ran. Seeking for others, Capt. Bronson himself received a slight wound across the lower part of the bowels. In this fight he had fifteen bullet holes in his clothes.

In April, 1863, Capt. Bronson had a ten days' leave and visited his family returning in time for the battle at Chancellorville, May 1st, 2d, and 3d. In this battle a bullet struck his right shoulder, shattering the bone into fragments. Our devoted Surgeons (and as a regiment we were very fortunate in the Surgeons of our staff) did all in their power for him. He was conveyed on a litter to the hospital at Potomac Creek, where he lingered till June 2d, 1863, when he breathed his last with wife and brother by his side, and in a triumphant hope for the hereafter. His last connected words were: "Death is nothing to the glory beyond." His body was embalmed, and in accordance with his last request conveyed to Middlebury, his native place, where it was interred.

His funeral was held with military honors, a very large concourse being in attendance. Rev. S. W. Magill of Waterbury preached the

memorial sermon, a remarkably able and appropriate one. The notices in the Waterbury *American* and the resolutions passed by the officers of the 14th were deeply sympathetic, but perhaps the best tribute to his memory was that of his old Lieutenant, Capt. Samuel Fiske, who in one of his letters to the Springfield *Republican*, now published on page 165 of the book entitled "Dunn Browne in the Army," sums up the career of Capt. Bronson in words that honor both the dead soldier and the writer so soon to follow his friend. Capt. Bronson was very nervous and impulsive, and not a man that would be always popular. Yet I doubt if any man in the 14th was more truly a Christian than he. The very day of the Chancellorville battle, when he had been repeating numerous tales of disaster with flushed cheeks, I said: "Captain, I wonder you, with such a keen sense of peril, are not a coward; but the past has shown me that you are not. What is it that sustains you?" His reply was slowly and solemnly uttered: "It is nothing on earth but my faith in Jesus Christ."

Next morning I saw him leading his men gallantly in the struggle in that vast wilderness. The same afternoon I spoke to him as he lay wounded in the hospital when he exclaimed: "I would give this shattered arm to be leading my men once more."

Looking back at his life at this distance of time, when nine summers have gone by, I am impressed by the memory of his dying words to think that our whole army experience should solemnly re-echo in our hearts those words: "Death is nothing to the glory beyond."

Second Lieutenant EDWARD W. HART, was born at Madison, Conn., October 2d, 1844. He was educated at that town except that he spent a single year at the celebrated Williston Seminary, Easthampton, Mass. His home life in Madison was quiet and uneventful, as he was hardly free from school when he enlisted. Yet in the delightful home circle of which he was a member, his tender amiability and Christian principle made him, the only son, very dear to his parents and sisters; and the people of his town have most pleasant recollections of the brave yet gentle lad. Enlisting August 18th, 1862, in Company G, of the 14th, he was made a corporal and

mustered into service as such. He followed the fortunes of the regiment through its long and weary marches, and the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorville, Gettysburg, Bristoe, Auburn, and Mine Run. The only battle he missed was Antietam, he having been left on a sick bed at Fort Ethan Allen a week before. He was made sergeant February 4th, 1863, and November 5th of the same year commissioned second lieutenant. When the regiment went into camp at Stevensburg, Virginia, he was taken ill, of diphtheria, and removed to the regimental hospital, where, after a short illness, his delicate constitution gave way to the disease, and he died Jan. 2d, 1864. His remains were removed to Madison, and buried there on the 11th of the same month. His fellow soldiers passed appropriate resolutions of respect to his memory, and brief memorials by comrades were published in the New Haven papers, and *Brooklyn* (N. Y.) *Union*, and *Conn. War Record.*

It was my fortune for some time to command the company to which Lieut. Hart was attached, and I can most cheerfully testify that he was ever brave, prompt, and faithful in his duties as an officer, a soldier, a gentleman, and a Christian. Incidents of his gallantry, of his tenderness for his men, of his loathing for meanness of any kind, rise up in my thoughts as I write, but his memory needs no pean from me to be dear to his comrades. I last saw him New Year's day, 1864, when I found him in the bleak tent that was then our hospital. I said, "Well, Eddy, I hope you will be at home soon." He replied, with a sad, sweet smile, "I do not think I shall ever be able to reach Connecticut." I little dreamed that he was then so near the home for which he was so well prepared, and to which his spirit so soon fled. And so we drop a tear on the grave of

"The youngest, the noblest, the bravest of us all."

First Lieutenant FREDERICK E. SCHALK, was born January 6th, 1838, at Monsheim, Hesse Darmstadt, Germany. The date of his removal with his parents to America, we do not learn, but only know that it was at an early age; that prior to his residence in Norwich, he lived for a time at Uncasville, in the same county, For some years before the war he lived in Norwich, as a clerk in a

grocery store. At the outbreak of the war, he enlisted with young Nickels, of whom he was ever a close friend, in Capt. (now Gen.) Harland's company of the 3d Connecticut. He served very creditably in the three months' campaign, and then returned to his old employer in Norwich. Soon after his return he joined the Broadway Congregational church, in Norwich. He was one of the first to enlist in the 14th—May 27th, 1862—still accompanying Nickels, who came into the same company—E. Just before the regiment marched he was married to a lady in Lebanon, Conn. He was made a sergeant before the company left the State, promoted to be second lieutenant May 16, 1863, and to a first lieutenancy, November 5th.

In all the battles, skirmishes, and marches of the regiment, he bore his part honorably and well, never flinching from any post of honor or danger. Of vigorous constitution and energetic yet cheerful disposition, he was ever ready for duty, for danger, or for fun and frolic. These qualities made him a great favorite, and somehow it seemed as if harm could never come to him. Yet in the terrific carnage of Spottsylvania, where the dear old 2d Corps, to which the 14th was attached, covered itself with glory by its brilliant charges, Schalk was stricken down by a bullet. He was removed to the 2d Corps hospital, at Fredericksburg, where, in plain view of the old battle-field of Dec. 13th, 1862, he ebbed away his life-blood and died, May 21st, 1864; dying cheerfully and calmly, despite the absence of the dear ones at home for whom he longed. Perhaps, as he heard the little birds singing in the beautiful May morning, and looked out upon that bloody battle-field of six months before, where the rapidly springing up green grass showed that Nature speedily repaired man's devastations, the roll of the guns of the contending armies a few miles away ceased to echo in his ears, and with the recollection of those divine words, "Not even a sparrow falleth to the ground without his knowledge," fears for the future of his dear wife passed away, and his spirit fled to the land "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

The remains were taken home and the funeral held from the Baptist church in Lebanon, on Sunday, June 5th. There was a very large attendance from the town, the surrounding country, and from Norwich, including some of the officers of his regiment. The funeral sermon was delivered by Rev. Mr. Cunningham, from Genesis v. 24, and was pertinent and applicable. The remains having been embalmed, his friends were enabled to gaze upon the face of the young hero ere his coffin was closed. His sword rested upon the coffin, surmounted

by wreaths of flowers. The body was escorted to the grave by the Norwich Light Infantry, his fellow-officers acting as bearers. The farewell volleys having been fired over the grave of him who had given his life so cheerfully for the cause of freedom in an adopted country, we left him

"With his young fame about him for a shroud."

Captain SAMUEL FISKE. Born in Shelburne, Mass., July 23d, 1828, and dying at Fredericksburg, Va., May 23d, 1864, Samuel Fiske lived a life so full of valuable lessons and so replete with stirring action, that it is simply impossible to begin to do him justice in the brief limits assigned to each of our fallen comrades. Hence I can but give the dry dates of the events thereof. A bright, lively, restless, loving and beloved lad, he entered Amherst College in 1844. The youngest and smallest of his class, he at once sprang to its head as a scholar. He graduated in 1848, with the second honor—the Salutatory—his Professors saying that he only lost the first honor by the necessity which compelled him to labor outside during the whole course to earn the wherewithal to pay for his education. In his Sophomore year he became interested in religion, and made a public profession of his faith. After graduation he taught two years, and then became a Tutor at Amherst for three years. During this time he was licensed to preach. In 1855 he resigned his tutorship, and spent a year in Europe and the East. He traveled in company with a party of educated professors, and chronicled the journey in the Springfield *Republican*, under the *non de plume* of "Dunn Browne," which he ever afterward retained. These letters were afterward published in book form, as were later those that he wrote to the same newspaper during the war—and delightful volumes are they both.

Soon after his return from Europe he was called and settled over the Congregational church at Madison, Conn. His ministry was marked by the same originality and independence of action that always characterized him, and his people were at first surprised at his ready wit and humor, but soon found out that beneath it all lay a willingness for earnest work, and a desire for their greatest real good, with a true consecration to his work. In a seven years' pastorate he won the affection of his people, so that when the earnest patriot re-

solved that his duty to his country in peril was even higher than that to his people at such a time, it wrung their hearts to part with him.

Enlisting as a private in Company I of the 14th, the Company in organizing elected him 2d Lieutenant, and he was commissioned as such, August 19th, 1862. He passed safely through Antietam, bearing the baptism of fire with perfect calmness. He rose from a sick bed to take part in the battle of Fredericksburg, but was prevented from reaching it in time. Dec. 20, 1862, he was commissioned 1st Lieutenant, and January 19, 1863, Captain of Co. G, from his own town of Madison. At the battle of Chancellorville he was captured while serving on Gen. Carroll's Staff, and taken to Libby Prison. He was released in time to take part at Gettysburg, where he did gallant service in his Staff position. He was in all the battles of the corps in 1863, and returning to the line of his Regiment that fall, had the pleasure of a visit from his family in his winter-quarters—procuring a leave to escort them home to Madison. Returning to the Regiment he declined the Chaplaincy, preferring to share all the possible perils to come to his own townsmen in their immediate company. He foresaw the probable bloodshed of the opening campaign of 1864, and his last act ere crossing the Rapidan, was to partake of the Communion service with his fellow disciples. A sadness unusual to him marked his demeanor in the march, and in the first great struggle in the Wilderness he was mortally wounded while standing in the very fore front of the fray. Suffering severely in the removal, he was taken to the hospital at Fredericksburg, where all that could be was done. His family were summoned and were with him to the end, which came at last, May 23d, 1864. The whole story of that last fortnight of his life is as impressive a sermon as I ever read. His cheerful disposition, genial humor, earnest patriotism, and religious enthusiasm, all continued to the very last, and leads us to fully understand how Gen. Carroll, tearfully bewailing him, could say that if all Christians were like him, few could resist the claims of religion.

The body was taken to Madison by a committee of his parishioners. Here a funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Wm. T. Eustis, of New Haven. Thence the remains were removed to Shelburne Falls, his native place, where on the Sunday eve one week from his death they were buried. Professor W. S. Tyler, of Amherst, preached a sermon tender with personal grief. Many memorials have been published, and his own books perpetuate his memory. That our loss was great we know, for I think I say that in which our comrades will all agree, when I say, that among all our dead officers and men, not one was

more missed or mourned than the self-made student, the Christian clergyman, and fearless soldier, Samuel Fiske.

"There gleams a coronet of light around our hero's brow,
But of far purer radiance than *monarch* can bestow;
He takes his place among his peers. His peers! And who are they?
Princes of yon celestial spheres, whom angel-hosts obey.
The heralds have made search, and found his lineage of the best,
He stands among the sons of God, a son of God confessed."

First Lieutenant HENRY W. WADHAMS, was one of the three stalwart, manly sons of Edwin Wadhams, of Litchfield, Conn., all of whom enlisted in the struggle for our nation's life when it was assailed by the demon of secession, and to all of whom applied the grand old epitaph of La Tour D'Auvergne, "Died on the field of honor," as all three of them were shot in battle. Sergeant Edward Wadhams, of the 8th Connecticut, was killed in the assault on Fort Darling, May 16, 1864. Capt. Luman Wadhams, of the 2d Connecticut artillery, was mortally wounded at Cold Harbor, February 2d, 1864, and died two days later.

Our comrade, Henry W. Wadhams, was born August 14, 1831. The war found him a machinist, at Waterbury, where he enlisted July 4th, 1862, in company C of the 14th. He was made Sergeant Aug. 4th, commissioned 2d Lieutenant Dec. 25th, and Nov. 5th, 1863, promoted to be 1st Lieutenant. He passed through all our engagements unharmed, until May 26th, 1864, he was called upon to lead his last charge, when four small companies of the regiment assailed an angle of the enemy's works on the south side of the North Anna river. While gallantly cheering on his men he fell mortally wounded inside the rebel works. After dark he was borne inside our lines, where, after a few hours of great suffering, during which he complained not for himself but mourned for his wife and child; he died and was buried near the river.

It is the universal testimony of all who knew Sergeant Wadhams, that he enlisted simply and solely from convictions of duty. Of strong domestic feeling, it was very hard for him to sunder home ties, but he did it when duty called him. And his whole military career was marked by the same loyal devotion to duty that marks all lives of which in the end it can be said that they were worth the living. The love for

freedom that he drew in, with the fresh inspiring air of the Litchfield hills, carried him through, unflinchingly, to his grave by the Virginia river side. A noble granite monument to the three brothers has been erected in the Litchfield Cemetery, and the simple name "Wadhams" inscribed thereon is a nobler heritage to their children than that emblazoned in many a book of heraldry.

Captain WILLIAM H. HAWLEY was born at Bridgeport, Oct. 5th, 1840. He resided in Bridgeport until July, 1862, when he threw up an excellent position as a book-keeper to enlist as a private in Co. A of the 14th, in which his brother, Lieut. F. B. Hawley, was then orderly sergeant. He was speedily made a sergeant, and thrice in the same year promoted, to 2d lieutenant May 16, 1863; 1st lieutenant, Sept. 27; and captain, Nov. 16. His ability and soldierly bearing attracted the attention of his general officers, and he was detailed first upon Col. Carroll's staff, then as brigade inspector upon the staff of Gen. Thomas A. Smythe, 2d brigade, 3d division, 2d corps, the 14th regiment being one of the brigade. Always faithful and efficient when with the regiment, Capt. Hawley won further distinction as a staff officer, and a promising career seemed opening before him, when, in the severe engagement at Reams' Station, on the Weldon railroad, August 25th, 1864, he was shot through the head while directing the skirmish line. He fell from his horse, breathed two or three times and expired. His body was embalmed and sent home to Bridgeport. The city government passed appropriate resolutions, and assumed the arrangements for the funeral. The services were held from the South Congregational Church (of which he was a member,) conducted by Rev. Dr. Hewitt and Rev. Alexander R. Thompson, of New York. A military escort was in attendance, minute guns were fired, and all the church bells tolled.

From a letter, from a dear friend of Capt. Hawley, I make the following extracts:

"His chief characteristics were an even, unruffled temper, a noble, generous spirit, unspotted integrity, bravery and fearlessness in duty." * * * "His was a whole hearted consecration, and had he known to a certainty that he would be killed I think he would not have hesitated a moment at the sacrifice." Two incidents of his career here nar-

rated mark these qualities: "Col. Carroll being wounded was released from duty and went to his home in Philadelphia. He wanted Capt. Hawley to go with him, and he was at liberty to go and thus have an opportunity of visiting his much loved home, but he declined the tempting offer feeling that he was more needed at his post of duty and danger. On another occasion he declined an honorable but less dangerous position than the one he held, being unwilling to even appear to shrink from duty." That the writer has not over-praised him we all know, and the resolutions passed on his death by his brother officers testify that he died as he had lived, "An heroic Christian soldier."

Second Lieutenant JAMES M. MOORE, was born in Vermont, in 1831, I judge, from his reporting himself to be thirty-one years old at first muster. He early removed to Massachusetts and to Vernon, Conn., finally settling in the village of Broadbrook, in the town of East Windsor. He worked at farming and in a mill, but winters devoted his time to teaching, being one winter Principal of the East Windsor Academy. In East Windsor, he seems to have gathered from the strongly orthodox seminary influences that made his character firm and true. Enlisting in Co. E of the 14th, he was made a corporal. For a long time he was detailed in the Commissary Department. June 16, 1864, he was recalled to the regiment and commissioned second lieutenant. At the battle of Ream's Station, Virginia, August 25, 1864, he was reported "missing in action," and has never been seen since. For a long time his fate was in doubt, and not till after the war was it ascertained certainly.

A letter from his brother-in-law states that since the war a prisoner wrote his family that he, with Lieut. Moore and some others, went a little in advance of the company to look over a hill and learn the enemy's position, when they were fired upon from the rear by a party of the rebels whose position had been concealed, and Lieut. Moore and all but the writer, fell dead.

His Bible was sent his family by the U. S. Christian Commission.

Of quiet but serious temperament, Lieut. Moore's life was upright, and conversation pure. Like Canfield and Bartholomew, he lies in an unknown grave, but no member of the old 14th, living or dead, can ever be "unknown" to us.

First Lieutenant PERKINS BARTHOLOMEW, was born at New London April 23d, 1841. He resided in that city, employed as a carpenter, until his enlistment in Co. H of the 14th, July 11th, 1862. He was at once made a corporal, then a sergeant, and March 19th, 1864, commissioned as second lieutenant. His promotion to a first lieutenancy came June 16, 1864. He was in every march and engagement of the regiment from the time of his enlistment to his death, which occurred at the battle of Boydton Plank Road, Oct. 27, 1864.

From a sister of the gallant young soldier, we learn that he enlisted from a conviction of duty, and that he was naturally a mild, timid youth. We all know that his courage was proven on so many fields that this revelation of his character shows him to be one of those true heroes who, knowing danger, face it. Lieut. Bartholomew always felt that success would crown our arms, and looked forward hopefully. When mortally wounded and lying in the rifle-pits, where the regiment was compelled to leave him in its rapid movements, he gave his accoutrements to a comrade, requesting him to "keep them" unless "they should engage in a fight the next day. If so, not to encumber himself, but to throw them away." This touching thoughtfullness for others in his own distress, marks the true unselfishness of an heroic life, and makes us realize how much the war cost humanity. The last words of the young lieutenant were, "Tell my mother I die like a true soldier, fighting for my country." The officers of the regiment, in which he was on the eve of promotion to a captaincy, in their resolutions on his death, tenderly spoke of him as "a generous and noble comrade, a gallant and faithful officer, a devoted and self-sacrificing patriot, who fell at the head of his command, fighting in defence of the flag he loved."

His remains were left upon the field and buried by the enemy.

Captain FRANKLIN A. BARTLETT was born June 21st, 1845, in Bridgeport, Conn. He resided in his native town attending school till the outbreak of the war found him a clerk in a store. Always fond of military life, and anxious to serve his country, he

enlisted in Co. A of the 14th, on his 17th birthday, June 21st, 1862. The writer well remembers him as one of the first men on the camp-ground at old Camp Foote, in Hartford, where despite his extreme youth (he was the youngest officer we ever had), his attention to, and interest in his duties at once made him a favorite with his superior officers. Captain Merritt at once made him a sergeant, and he left the State as such. He was with the regiment in all its campaigns, and despite his slight figure, bore his part unflinchingly. March 19th, 1864, his promotion to a 2d Lieutenantcy came to be speedily followed by his commission as 1st Lieutenant, July 21st, 1864.

February 5th, 1865, he was killed outright, in the first battle of Hatcher's Run, Va. He had been recommended for promotion to a Captaincy, and the commission was issued, dated Feb. 7, 1865, but of course did not reach him living.

Funeral services were held in the Beacon Street Methodist Episcopal Church, at Bridgeport, Feb. 27th, 1865, Rev. Mr. I. Simmons conducting the service. The body was interred in Mountain Grove Cemetry, having been born to the grave by six commissioned officers, including Lieuts. Hawley and Knowlton, of the 14th. The funeral was very largely attended, the city authorities and a military company being in the procession. Captain Bartlett was a young officer of great promise, and had he lived to enter the regular army as he purposed, would doubtless have won distinction therein. But though he lived but nineteen years and seven months, he lived a life that many who reach their three score and ten never attain, a life unstained by meanness, selfishness, or hypocrisy—a life of loyal and successful endeavor to be of use to his comrades and his country. Who dares tell us that such lives are brief, for

> We live in deeds, not years; in thought, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
> We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Captain JAMES R. NICKELS, was born in the town of Cherryfield, Maine, July 14th, 1843. Left an orphan at an early age, he removed to Norwich, to reside with an aunt, and that most picturesque and beautiful of New England cities was thenceforward his home. Here he made hosts of friends among the young lads of his age, and here was laid the foundation of a friendship toward young Nickels

by the writer, that grew with his growth, and which makes him feel this brief memorial to be a most paltry tribute to one of the most generous and noble hearts that ever beat. Completing his school studies, Nickels entered the crockery store of R. M. Haven and became a member of his family. At the outbreak of the war he enlisted in Captain Harland's Company of the 3d Connecticut Regiment, with which he passed creditably through the three months campaign, being particularly remarked for his coolness at the 1st Bull Run, where his company was one of the few from Connecticut that suffered any casualties.

Returning home at the close of the campaign, he resumed his former avocation, devoting his spare time to the study of military tactics. His patriotism and adaptation to a military career were such, however, that he could not remain quietly at home, but on the President's call for 50,000 men, in May, 1862, he again enlisted as a private in Co. E of the 14th. He was speedily made 1st sergeant, and left the state as such, Aug. 23d, 1862. In less than four weeks he passed with his regiment through the bloody fight of Antietam. At Fredericksburg, where fourteen out of eighteen officers were killed or wounded, Nickels escaped with his clothes riddled with bullets. Dec. 20th, 1862, he was commissioned 2d Lieutenant of Co. I, and in less than a month, Jan. 19th, 1863, promoted to be 1st Lieutenant of Co. K. That year he passed unscathed through the engagements of Chancellorville, Antietam, and Bristoe station. On the 5th of November he was commissioned Captain of Co. I. In the campaign of 1864 he was with the regiment in the terrible carnage of the Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, the numerous minor engagements on the North and South Anna River, and at Cold Harbor. At the battle he commanded the regiment, and led it in a brilliant charge for which he was highly complimented by his brigade commander—the fearless Colonel Smyth. Through the constant fighting and perilous picket duty of that summer, in front of Petersburg, Nickels was ever at the post of duty, but never was scratched. But his hitherto uninterrupted career of success was terminated August 27th, 1864, in the struggle for the possession of the Weldon Railroad, known as the battle of Ream's Station. Here he was severely wounded in the leg, and left on the field, where he was stripped by the rebels, who left him, not dreaming that he would survive the night. During the night his casualty was reported to the Regiment, when Adjutant Hincks, and Privates Goff and Rigney sought him out on the abandoned field, and bore him through the darkness *eight miles* into our lines. Such was the

love he inspired, and such the devotion of the brave boys who risked their lives for him. Taken to City Point, he was removed to Armory Square Hospital, at Washington, where, after lingering six months, he died, Feb. 20th, 1865. Many times his prospects of recovery were deemed very fair, but the long confinement at last broke down his constitution—and with his faithful aunt and brother by his bed side, he quietly pined away, saying to his aunt, who told him of his situation, and pointed him to Christ, "It is all right with me."

Connecticut lost no nobler son in the war—a genial companion, a thorough officer always remarkable for his knowledge of and attention to his duties, loved and respected by his brother officers and men. He had won high encomiums from his superiors of all grades, and bid fair in time to have acquired more than a local reputation. His perfect coolness under fire, and his cheerfulness and freedom from despondency or irritability during his long and weary confinement to a hospital bed, show the prominent traits in his character—intrepidity, trustfulness, and amiability.

Into twenty-one short years Capt. Nickels crowded a lifetime of noble deeds, and dying he left no enemy but mourning friends among his soldier comrades, school mates, and his townsmen. It was granted to him to live long enough to see the impending triumph of his country's cause, and to leave an untarnished name—

"And so he laid his laurels down at his great Captain's feet."

Second Lieutenant JOHN T. BRADLEY, was another of Madison's offerings through the 14th on our country's altar. Born in that town, April 28, 1827, he resided there until three years prior to the war when he removed to McGregor, Iowa, where he engaged in mercantile business with an uncle. The news that a company was organizing for the war at his old home, sent him speedily back to New England, and he at once enlisted as a private under his brother-in-law, Capt. S. F. Willard. He was by that officer's side when he fell, and bore his body from the field. He was with the regiment in all its campaigns, and in the battle of the Wilderness in 1864 was one of three who manned a rebel gun captured in the great charge of the 2d corps, and turning it on the rebels, gave them back their own shot and shell. Having long been a non-commissioned officer, he

was commissioned January 3, 1865, as Second Lieutenant. In the second battle of Hatcher's Run, March 25, 1865, Lieut. Bradley was mortally wounded in the arm. He was removed to City Point, Va., where he died on the 28th of March, only a fortnight before Lee's surrender.

Having almost seen the final lifting of the dark war cloud that had so long rested over the country, he was the last of our officers that died ere it rose. His funeral occurred at the Congregational Church in Madison, April 11, 1865, the services being performed by Chaplain Morris of the 8th regiment. Amid the excitement and rejoicing of the last week of the war, his body was committed to its native dust, by tender hands of those who loved him.

A letter from an old friend says of Lieut. Bradley, that "in 1854 he became hopefully pious," uniting with the First Congregational Church in Madison. After he removed to McGregor, he was superintendant of a Sabbath School in which he became much interested. He had many friends, and was beloved by all who knew him. Upon hearing of his death at McGregor, an appropriate service was held, and an address to the Sunday School was read that he had written for them a few days before his death.

Captain (afterwards Colonel) THEO. F. BURPEE was born February 17, 1830, at Stafford, Conn. His residences prior to the war, were Stafford, Somers, Ellington, and Vernon. In July, 1862, he gave up his business—finisher in a woolen mill—to organize a company in Vernon. This he speedily did, and the company came into the 14th with full ranks as Company D. Capt. Burpee was rapidly showing himself a capable officer, and earning the esteem of his comrades, when, to his own surprise, and to the regret of the whole regiment he was promoted to the Majority of the 21st Connecticut, Aug. 23, 1862, just before we left the State. Reluctantly leaving us, he threw his whole energy into the 21st, and before they left, the State (Sept. 3, 1862) was promoted to be its Lieut. Colonel. As such he was in all the battles in which his regiment was engaged up to the date of his death, and much of the time was in command, owing to Col. Dutton having a Brigade. Col. Dutton was mortally wounded in front of Petersburg, and dying June 8, 1864, Lieut. Col. Burpee was promoted to the Colonelcy with rank from that date. The very next

day, June 9th, he too was mortally wounded like Col. Dutton, by a sharpshooter's bullet, and died on the 11th. His body was taken home to Rockville, where funeral services were held June 19th, 1864.

An interesting memorial of Col. Burpee was published in the Connecticut War Record, Oct., 1864, and republished in the Soldier's Record of March 27, 1869. It shows him to have been a man of earnest piety.

Capt. ROBERT H. GILLETTE was born in Bloomfield, Aug. 1st, 1842. His father, Hon. Francis Gillette, was an original Free Soiler and a man of distinction in his State which he represented one term in the United States Senate, where his fearless avowal of his principles made him a conspicuous man in those old pro-slavery days. The father still resides in Hartford, where he tenderly cherishes the memory of his darling boy who gave his life in defence of the principles he learned from his devoted father. When Robert was fifteen years of age the family removed to Hartford, whence the lad tried a trip to China as sailor boy on a merchantman. Disgusted with this life, he abandoned it in China and sailed to California seeking an elder brother, who, however, died ere his arrival. Tarrying a year in the land of gold, the wanderer came home bringing with him the body of his lost brother—the most precious gift his parents could then desire. Robert then devoted himself awhile to study, but the war-cry of the nation in its peril aroused his ardor for freedom, and in July, 1862, he assisted in recruiting a company for the 16th regiment.

By an act of singular injustice on the part of the Adjutant General of the State, young Gillette was prevented from securing a commission in the 16th, and to his own surprise, as well as that of the regiment, commissioned as Captain of Co. K of the 14th, September 6, 1862. The regiment had left the State, and young Gillette at once started to join them. He found us the night of September 18th, lying upon the battle field of Antietam, and took command of his company at once. Both of his Lieutenants lay wounded, one mortally, the other dangerously in the regimental hospital, where he visited them. A day or two later, he marched with us in command of his company to Bolivar Heights at Harper's Ferry. It was on this toilsome march over the mountains that the writer made his acquaintance, and was indebted to him for acts of courtesy and kindness that

he has never forgotten. The impression he created was that of a man of pure character and honorable ambition, of culture and real refinement. Almost immediately after arriving at Harper's Ferry, he was taken ill of fever caused by the unusual exposure, that so shattered his health as to compel his return home in a few weeks, where he remained for some time in a critical condition and finally resigned his commission in the 14th, December 20th, 1862.

From what I knew of Capt. Gillette I feel assured that in addition to his poor health, his resignation was inspired by a self-sacrificing spirit on his part which led him to give up a position that personally suited him, rather than stand in the way of the Lieutenants who had recruited and led the Company into battle ere he joined it. His future career proves his unabated patriotism, and we to-day rejoice to claim him as one who served with us. Recovering his health, he entered the U. S. Navy in 1863, as Acting Asst. Paymaster, and was assigned to the Nansemond, Lieut. Com. R. H. Lamson commanding. This vessel proved one of the most efficient of the blockading squadron off Wilmington, N. C. Among her captures was the fine steamer which we re-named the Gettysburg, and to her Gillette was transferred with Capt. Lamson, and on her did most excellent service.

Sunday, January 15th, 1865, his vessel took part in the bombardment of Fort Fisher, and some of her officers and crew were in the Sailors' Brigade that assisted the army in charging and finally capturing the fort. Gillette volunteered for the same duty, but his services were felt to be more needed on this ship. During the charges Gillette stood upon the deck as signal-officer of the Gettysburg, and with tears rolling down his cheeks as he saw his men falling under the murderous fire from the Fort, exclaiming, "It is too bad—awful! We must go and help them! We must go and save them!" That night he wrote a happy letter to his parents, rejoicing in the victory and the promise it gave of the *end* being near. The *end* to him was nearer than he dreamed. The morning after the letter was written he went with another officer to look after the missing from his own ship and to inspect the captured fort. He ascended the parapet with other officers, and one last glimpse of him presents his tall manly figure erect and full of joy in the cool of the early morning, when the magazine explodes and he is instantly killed.

His remains were brought home and deposited in the family burial lot at Farmington, January 24th, 1865, Rev. Dr. Porter, of Farmington, officiating at the grave. On the 29th of the same month a

beautiful and touching memorial address was delivered by Rev. N. J. Burton, at the Fourth Church in Hartford. In alluding to Capt. Gillette's religious character Dr. Burton states that during his naval life his faith ripened into a triumphant belief. He adds that he "was unquestionably helped to be the man he earnestly and religiously longed and prayed to be by a new and precious affection which filled the last years of his life." But as in many another instance during our war, the only earthly bride vouchsafed our hero, was the grave.

Captain FRANK E. STOUGHTON was born at South Windsor, Conn., January 10th, 1834. His life prior to enlistment was spent mainly in this town, in Bristol, and in Vernon, though he was for three years an overseer in the State Reform School. The war found him overseer of a weave room in a Vernon mill, whence he enlisted into Co. D of the 14th, Aug. 20th, 1862. He was at once made 1st Sergeant of the company, and left the State as such. Bearing his part well at Antietam, at Fredericksburg he had command of his company in the absence from sickness of the commissioned officer. For his good conduct here and at Chancellorville, he was, May 16th, 1863, promoted to a 2d Lieutenantcy of Co. H. A month later he led that company in the battle of Gettysburg, where he received several wounds, one passing through his body from his left side to his back, affecting his lungs and spinal column. But partially recovering he rejoined his regiment in November, and at once took part in the Mine Run campaign. During the winter of 1864 he was detailed on recruiting service. In the summer campaign of that year he was again at the front, and March 19th was promoted to be 1st Lieutenant, and was in several battles. July 21st he was promoted to be Captain of Co. G, succeeding the lamented Fiske, and led that company at Hatcher's Run, Ream's Station, and all the contests that followed up to December 30th, when he tendered his resignation and was honorably discharged.

In the summer of 1864 he was attacked by chronic diarrhœa, which with the debility already derived from his wounds, reduced him to a skeleton. This it was that forced his resignation, long after most men would have given up the service.

He retired to his home in Rockville, but never regained his health, though his cheerfulness he never lost, as those of the officers who re-

member him at the officers' re-union at New Haven in 1865 will remember. Slowly but surely the body wasted away from the brave soul that would not flinch, and on January 1st, 1866, with the Happy New Year greetings of his townsmen echoing in his ears, the weary contest was over and his soul was free. His funeral was held with Masonic services at the Congregational church at Wapping, South Windsor, January 3d, 1866.

A local obituary notice truly said of him, "Possessing bravery, fortitude, and endurance to an eminent degree, he forgot self entirely in his devotion to the Union."

Captain GEORGE N. MOREHOUSE, was born in Fairfield, Conn., March 27, 1825. His residence prior to enlistment was mainly in Bridgeport, though he spent seven or eight years at the south, at Wilmington, N. C., and Huntsville, Ala. Returning to Bridgeport in 1854, he located there as salesman in a boot and shoe store.

He first enlisted in the 9th Regiment Conn. Vols., and was commissioned second lieutenant in Co. D therein, October 30, 1861. He went with the 9th on Gen. Butler's expedition to Ship Island, where he remained seven or eight months. While there he contracted disease from the bad water and unusual exposure, and his health became so poor that he resigned and came home, in April, 1862. After a few weeks at home, his health was so much improved that he determined it should not deter him from serving his country, hence he applied and obtained by special favor of Secretary Stanton, permission to be re-commissioned. This was the first case in which that bluff old secretary permitted the overruling of his own order that resigned officers could not receive new commissions. He joined Capt. Merritt in recruiting Co. A of the 14th, in Bridgeport, and August 12th, 1862, was commissioned first lieutenant therein. He served with the 14th (a portion of the time as acting adjutant) until his health again failed, just after he had been commissioned as captain. His old trouble contracted in the 9th (Bright's disease) re-appeared, and he had to be sent to general hospital at Georgetown, where he remained until the surgeons pronounced him disabled from further service, and he resigned, and was honorably discharged Dec. 5th, 1862.

He returned to Connecticut, but never regained his health, his disease terminating in consumption, of which he died at Stratford, April 20, 1866. The funeral services were held there according to the rites of the Methodist church, of which he had been a member for some years.

Capt. Morehouse was with us but a short time, but it was not his fault, for no man struggled harder to keep in service than he, and his bearing at Antietam showed that he was not afraid of death, but insidious disease bore him down and he had to give up his cherished desire. Knowing his history now, I wonder not that he was sometimes depressed, but that he could usually be so cheerful. He leaves a widow and four children, thrown by his death entirely upon their own resources. This is not the place to discuss the subject, but it seems that we, the living, should know about and do something for the destitute families of any and of all of our comrades, rank and file.

First Lieutenant IRA A. GRAHAM, was born in Berlin, Conn., August 14th, 1843. Before the war he had resided in Deerfield, Mass., engaged in farming, but the President's call for "Three Hundred Thousand More," in 1862, found him in Durham, Conn. He at once enlisted in Capt. Gibbons' company, then being recruited in Middletown, and served with the 14th faithfully and well all through the war. Enlisting as a private, and a stranger to the captain, he speedily became a non-commissioned officer, and July 21, 1864, was commissioned as second lieutenant. January 3, 1865, he was promoted to a first lieutenantcy. At the second battle of Hatcher's Run, Virginia, March 25, 1865, he received a gun-shot wound through the right breast. May 31st, 1865, he was mustered out of service with the regiment. He then returned to Durham and endeavored to work in the tin-shop there, but finding his strength unequal to the task, forsook it and went again to Deerfield as a farmer. But the effects of the Hatcher's Run wound upon his lungs told upon him with more and more severity, and finding himself quite ill, he returned once more to Durham, where, after much suffering, he died, July 16, 1869.

His funeral was held in Durham, Sunday, July 18th. A delega-

tion from the Middletown Post, Grand Army of the Republic, were present, and the Middletown Masonic Lodge, of which he was a member, turned out and performed their impressive service on the occasion. Rev. Mr. Taylor of the South Church, Middletown, preached a memorial sermon. Appropriate resolutions of respect to his memory were passed by his Masonic brethren August 4th, 1869, and at the annual re-union of the members of his regiment, held that year at Bridgeport, Sept. 17th. Some loving friend has also published a few memorial verses that tell the story of the triumph over suffering and death of the soldier who had served all through the long and bloody war, to die at last by lingering disease in his own fair meadow lands of Durham. From this memorial we learn that though his earthly ties were strong and hard to sunder, he in dying was vouchsafed a gleam

"Of heavenly glories from afar."

that led him to depart in peace, urging his friends to live so as to meet him hereafter.

Captain HENRY LEE, was born at New London, Conn., April 17th, 1836. The son of Mr. Daniel Lee, an esteemed citizen, he was sent to school till he was 16 years of age. He then learned the trade of a carpenter, tried clerking for a while, but returned to his trade where the war found him. He responded to the first call for troops, and May 7th, 1861, enlisted in Co. C of the 2d Conn. (three months) Regiment. He was made a corporal, and as such served with credit through the Bull Run campaign, and was mustered out with his regiment, August 7th. Early in 1862 he commenced recruiting, and May 14th was commissioned 1st Lieutenant of Co. H, of the 14th, composed mainly of New London men. He left the State in this capacity. May 16th, 1863, he was promoted to a captaincy. For some time in 1864, he was ranking captain, and thus at times the command of the regiment fell upon him. In one of the battles of that year (Ream's Station, Aug. 25th, 1864, if I am not mistaken), he was captured and taken to Libby Prison. After a brief confinement he was paroled, and then exchanged. January 20th, 1865, he resigned on account of sickness, and was honorably discharged. He engaged in different pursuits after the war, and finally

settled in Meriden, where he was suddenly killed at Parker Brothers gun factory, on the 16th of August, 1869. While engaged in sawing gun stocks at a buzz saw, the saw caught and threw a piece of wood against his stomach, with such a force as to cause instant death. His body was removed to New London, and buried Aug. 19th, from the house in which he was born, by the Masonic body of which he was a devoted member. Rev. Abel P. Buel conducting the services.

Captain Lee was a genial, companionable young man, and left many friends in New London to mourn his loss. He was always in attendance at the reunions of the regiment since the war, and an earnest advocate of keeping up the old fellow-feeling between comrades-at-arms. At the re-union in Bridgeport, Sept. 17th, 1869, resolutions of respect to his memory were passed, and ordered to be transmitted to his young and heart-broken wife. Never seriously injured in the war, he was instantly taken from us long after its termination. Surely "The days of our life are as a tale that is told."

Second Lieutenant GEORGE AUGUSTUS FOOTE, Jr., was born in Nut Plains, Guilford, May 7th, 1835. He is said to have been the first man in his native town to enlist, after Lincoln's first call for volunteers, and was in the 3d Connecticut Regiment, in the first Battle of Bull Run. He re-enlisted in the 14th Conn., Aug. 7th, 1862, and with but a few weeks' training, the regiment went into battle on the terrible field of Antietam. Once during the fight, his company having become somewhat disorganized, Capt. Bronson, in his efforts at reforming the line, called upon him by name to assist, when he, holding up his gun, called upon the men to "form around old Foote's musket," which so amused the men that they cheered and quickly formed again. On this day, the color-sergeant of the 14th was shot down—then a second one—and the flag was on the ground. Lt. Col. Perkins rode up and called for volunteers to take the flag. Foote answered by taking it up, and carrying it all the rest of the day.

In common with a large majority of the regiment, while at Bolivar Heights, Foote broke down in health, owing to the terrible exposure, and was never as well afterward. In marching from there to Acquia Creek, he fainted, and had to be carried in a baggage wagon, and even when he reached the battle field of Fredericksburg, Dec. 13th, he was so ill that his captain, who had a great regard for him, advised him not to go

into the fight. He replied, "there are skulks enough without me," and he and his friend Dudley "went in," as cheerful and cool as if it were a breakfast at home. Who shall tell the story of one, in that awful day, when regiment after regiment of brave men climbed Marye's Hill, "smiling at death," their ranks ploughed through and through by rebel batteries, even while they were forming, and reaching the top only to charge on the rebels posted behind a solid stone wall four feet in height. Of course the 14th shared the fate of others, and was soon cut up. The color sergeant fell, terribly wounded, but as the regiment had been ordered to fall back, Foote stopped and tried to pick up the flag. The brave old sergeant held on to it, saying, "I will take care of it," and rose suddenly to his feet, but instantly fell back, dead. As Foote stooped to pick it up, he was shot in the leg, and fell. After lying on the field a short time, he tried to rise, but was instantly fired upon again by the rebels, wounding him slightly in the head and the hip. All the rest of that awful day, he lay still where he had fallen. Three times our men charged over him, of course trampling on his wounded leg, while he, half delirious, begged them to kill him to end his sufferings. But no one had time then to attend to one poor wounded fellow. That night, he managed to crawl off to a little hut near the field, where some other wounded men had hung out a yellow flag. Here they lay with a little hard tack, and still less water, till the third day after the fight, when they were visted by a rebel officer, with a few men. He spoke roughly to them, asking, "what they were here for?" and two or three began whining, and saying, they "did not want to fight the South, but were drafted and obliged to come," when Foote cooly lifted his head and said, "*I* came to fight rebels, and I have found them, and if ever I get well, I will come back and fight them again." "Bully for you," said the officer, "you are a boy that I like," and at once gave him some water out of his own canteen, sent one of his men for more water, washed his leg and foot, and bound it up as well as he could, paroled him, and helped him across the river to the Lacy-house hospital. In fact, he and his men gave him a blanket, and cheered him as the wagon drove off.

Foote said, afterward, "I did not know but he would blow my brains out on the spot, but I did not mean he should think we were all sneaks." He was soon removed from the Lacy-house to Armory-square hospital, where his leg (which had been hastily amputated at the Lacy-house) was again operated upon, Dr. Bliss finding it necessary to cut the bone still shorter. His sufferings were thus protracted

and very terrible, although he had the constant care of a devoted brother, who left home to find him the moment he heard that he was "missing," as he was at first reported. As soon as it was possible this brother brought him home, stopping by the way at Philadelphia, at the "Soldiers' Home," where he was so kindly and tenderly cared for by the ladies there on duty, that it actually brought the tears into his eyes. After he reached home he slowly recovered some portion of strength. On the recommendation of his captain he was sent a commission as 2d lieutenant, bearing date Dec. 24th, 1862. But he was never mustered in, and was discharged as a private soldier, July 31st, 1863. After a time, as he grew stronger, he attempted to carry on his farm again, of which he was very fond, but was not able to do it. Then he went into the mercantile business, but in a year was obliged to give that up also. A cold brought on symptoms of consumption, and he spent a winter in Florida, hoping that a mild climate might benefit him, but long suffering had shattered his constitution beyond human help, and he gradually declined until he died, Nov. 14th, 1869.

An unusually strong and healthy man, attached to life, to his friends, to his chosen pursuit, farming, and to his dear old home at "Nut Plains," he yet never regretted for a moment that he had given himself for his country, but said to his mother, even in his last days, that "he would do it all over again, for the same cause." God grant that we *remember* such men. He was buried November 16th, under the old trees he loved so well, Rev. Dr. Bennet officiating, and six of his comrades, of the 14th, acting as pall-bearers.

First Lieutenant IRA EMERY, was born at Bow, N. H., Oct. 25th, 1826. His residence for many years was at Rockville, Conn., where he was in business as a baker. He was very active in enlisting men for Co. D of the 14th, and was elected 1st lieutenant of the Co. at organization, Aug. 7th, 1862. Capt. Burpee's promotion from the regiment left Emery in command of the company when it left the State. He was with the regiment at Antietam (Captain Hammond assuming command two days before the battle) and bore himself gallantly therein. He was taken sick with chronic diarrhœa, on Bolivar Heights, at the time when so large a proportion of the 14th was ill from the exposure, bad water, and lack of proper clothing. In the

hope of recovery Lieut. Emery held on to his position and did partial duty till Jan. 23, 1863, when his health, steadily failing, he resigned and was honorably discharged.

Returning home, he tried various residences, Meriden, Hartford, Rockville, and Bricksburg, N. J. At times he appeared to be recovering but never for any lengthened period, and growing weaker and weaker his health gave way entirely, and on the 28th April, 1871, he died at Bricksburg, N. J. His remains were removed to Rockville and buried there April 30th.

Lieut. Emery was a faithful soldier, a good citizen, and an earnest patriot. His constant ill health made him at times gloomy, and, though present at some of our re-unions, and expressing a warm interest in the old 14th, he never seemed to look forward to much happiness here, yet never regretted that he had given his life to his country.

The Bricksburg local journal, in an obituary notice of him, says he was "A very industrious and upright man. * * * * He contracted the disease of which he died in his country's service, and deserved well of the Government, better than the Government deserved of him, inasmuch as his application for a pension, to which he was entitled, has been persistently withheld."

Of the truth of this last assertion I know nothing, but those of us who knew Lieut. Emery do not believe that he would for a moment claim what was not his just due, and if our aid should be needed it would be freely granted. The last one that has dropped out of our circle is not so easily forgotten.

CONCLUSION.

In closing this memorial of our dead, now that ten years have flown since that sunny August afternoon when with glistening bayonets, the Fourteenth, a thousand strong, issued forth from Camp Foote, with its glorious colors flying, marched down the streets of Hartford to the music of its own splendid band and filed on board the steamers that bore us down the beautiful Connecticut on our way to the front, the memory of the two years and nine months that followed rises like a vision before me. Marches, bivouacs, and battle-fields, crowd fast upon each other until they culminate in that happy April day at Appomatox, when the war was finished and the handful left of the

dear old Regiment witnessed the fruition of all our hopes, in the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia to the patient, long-suffering, persistent Army of the Potomac.

In this review the faces of our dead lads, for in the main they were but youths, come up in silent sadness, and as they pass in succession it is hard to think of the lives so full of hope and promise so suddenly cut short. Yet as we reflect upon what they accomplished in their lives and by their deaths for country, for freedom, and for God, we can in these bright days of peace and plenty take heart again and remember that while their work is done, their record finished, the world lies all before us, their survivors, and that whatever of happiness or of suffering, of prosperity or adversity, of successful achievement or disappointed hope, time has brought us in these quick-passing years there is work to be done, hard earnest work upon the battle-field of life for all who will be loyal to the old watchword of duty. Hence we may rather rejoice than mourn that these brave ones have fought their battle, winning the victory.

> "What is worth living for is worth dying for too,
> And therefore all honor brave hearts unto you
> Who have fallen, that Freedom, more fair by your death,
> A pilgrim may walk where your blood on her path
> Leads her steps to your graves."

OCT 15 1907

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 001 953 418 2